

W. P. WALTON.

The investigation of the charges against Dr. Chensault, Superintendent of the Lexington Lunatic Asylum, has closed after apparently developing the fact that Dr. F. O. Young has been at the bottom of the prosecutions, not to say persecutions of Dr. Chensault. A Commissioner told us that the Dr. had counted on the position himself and has never been satisfied with the effort of Gov. Knott to let him down lightly by giving him a commissioner's place. During the investigation, Commissioner, W. L. Rue Thomas, refused to testify as to Dr. Young's reputation, while one witness, Mr. A. C. Q. Risenberry, said that "he had been to Lancaster and talked to a number of citizens, who gave Dr. Young's character for veracity a bad name; and that he would not believe Young on oath from what he heard."

THE STANFORD INTERIOR JOURNAL announces that it will have nothing more to do with advertising agents, as it has found them to be frauds and cheats. With a few honorable exceptions the *Record* has found them to be swindlers. We have long desired that the Kentucky Press Association hold a strictly business meeting to consider the interest of the publishers, and provide means to guard against the swindling advertising agents, as well as to compare methods of doing business, etc. The meetings heretofore have been devoted to eating and drinking. We trust that some day the publishers of this State will realize the benefits to be derived from a business meeting similar to those held in other States, with no drinking allowed, and none but members admitted. — [Nelson Record.]

MAHONEY is making a mighty effort in Virginia to secure a legislature that will return him to the Senate and if the democrats are not on guard at every point, he may slip up on them. He is smart, tricky and unscrupulous and knows how to place the large corruption fund he has received from Northern republicans, where it will do him the most good. There is hardly any doubt about the election of Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, but that will be but poor recompense for the loss of the legislature. In addition to money, Mahoney is concentrating all of the best speakers of his party in Virginia, including Senators Sherman, Giff, Plomb and Miller and Logan, Governor-elect Foraker and Congressman Butterworth. It is a desperate game with Mahoney and he is playing his cards for all they are worth.

MALCOLM HAY, who for a few months held the position of First Assistant Postmaster General under Mr. Vilas, died at his home at Pittsburgh, Tuesday of consumption. He was one of the democratic commissioners sent to Florida to investigate the frauds alleged in the 11 years campaign. He was a delegate to the national conventions in 1878, 1880 and 1881, and at the latter was on the Committee of Resolutions and framed the tariff plank of the platform. He was a strong supporter of Cleveland in the convention, although his colleagues from his district were friends of Randall.

In the rush of business we omitted an important item from our last issue—that of the arrival in the household of Mr. H. W. Newkirk, the editor of the *Williamsburg Times*, of "the handsome ten-pound girl that has ever called a fond father from his downy bed." Since your have gone in to that kind of business, old fellow, here's hoping that you will soon be like the old woman that lived in the shoe, have so many children that you won't know what to do.

An unusual sight was witnessed at the Louisville Exposition Wednesday, that of a race between traction engines. It was hardly as exciting as a "horse" race to the average Kentuckian, because there were no pools sold on the event, but it must have been exhilarating to have seen those iron horses moving around the track with their jockeys pressing them to their fullest speed without the aid of whip or spur.

The Frankfort *Yeoman* says in speaking of the election in Ohio: "We would infinitely prefer a slick to a republican." Good. But those lines were not written by Col. Johnston, who recently preferred a very odious republican to a democrat, else he has experienced a change of heart, that makes us feel like taking the erring brother to our heart again and giving him the right hand of fellowship.

The Louisville *Times* has increased its telegraph service and added a column to each of its pages, making it one of the largest as it has always been one of the best, if not the very best, afternoon papers ever published. It is our beau ideal of a newspaper and each evidence of its success and popularity thrills us with gladness.

We do not wish any office ourselves, nor would we have the best we would be competent to fill, but we are getting mighty tired of seeing some republicans holding on to offices that rightfully belong to the democrats. The people voted last November to turn the reins out and we want to see the last one of them go.

The official count of the vote in Ohio shows an amount of rottenness in keeping with the political morals of the State. The democrats seem to be as deep in the mud as the republicans are in the mire and they are a sweet kettle of fish all around. The Legislature is about ready to be republican.

DAN VOORHEES, the Tall Speaker of the Wabash, is making speeches for Gen. Lee in Virginia, and denouncing the civil service law.

CHRISTIAN county is badly mis-named. She has more murders and rapes than any county in the State and more divorce suits have been granted there this year than ought to have been in the whole State. The *South Kentuckian* says 34 couples have had their matrimonial bonds sundered since January 1. We are afraid Meacham is not doing his duty as a journalist or he would teach his people better morals.

NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

—A foot of snow covers the Michigan hills.

—Alonzo Fuzet, the counterfeiter, was convicted in Louisville.

—A German shot a negro who had raped his sister, in the Court room at Indianapolis.

—Judge W. C. Miller, for years a leading lawyer of Madison, died Wednesday after two years of lunacy.

—A. M. Waddell, a Louisville gambler, was fined \$500 and given six months in jail for running a Keno bank.

—Millions of squirrels are crossing the Mississippi river at a point a few miles below Memphis, from Mississippi to Arkansas.

—Suits have been begun against Geo. B. Loring, late Commissioner of Agriculture, and his sureties for the recovery of \$30,000.

—Seats in the New York Stock Exchange are now worth \$23,000. The price has varied during the past ten years from \$3,500 to \$33,000.

—S. N. Hodges, one of the temperance converts at Frankfort, died of convulsions, owing to the sudden shutting off of his whisky supply.

—Stuart Allen, eldest son of Capt. C. T. Allen, editor of the *Princeton Banner*, has been appointed to a cadetship at West Point by Congressman Stone.

—There is a shadowy sort of rumor that Roscoe Conkling is to once more mount the raging political stump in behalf of the republican ticket in New York.

—All in favor of swapping John Sherman for a hyena and killing the hyena will say "Aye." Those opposing will say "No." The ayes have it. — [Richmond Dispatch.]

—Ten persons lost their lives in the collision on the Pennsylvania Railroad caused by the carelessness of the train-dispatcher, who is now in jail charged with manslaughter.

—Mr. J. Soule Smith, "Falcon" of the *Times*, was elected Grand King of the Grand Chapter of Royal Arch Masons of the State of Kentucky. H. G. Sandifer was elected Grand Scribe.

—The result of the Ohio election remains officially undetermined. The courts have been appealed to in Hamilton county to further delay matters and exemplify the beauties of the Ohio fall style of politics.

—Bernard G. Witt, of Henderson, was elected Grand Master of the Masonic Order for Kentucky, and Mr. James W. Hopper, editor of the *Lebanon Standard*, Deputy Grand Master and A. H. Shirley, Grand Senior Warden.

—Eugene Belt, who married the widow Godfrey and afterwards learned of her escape with Congressman Acelin, brought suit for divorce from her in Baltimore, but the court dismissed his suit and granted her a divorce, with \$40,000 alimony.

RELIGIOUS.

—Rev. A. S. Mullett will preach at Crab Orchard next Sunday morning and evening.

—Rev. A. S. Mullett and James Paxton have gone to Mt. Sterling to attend the Synod.

—Rev. J. E. Triplett will preach at McKinney on next Sabbath at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M.

—Elder Montgomery is conducting a successful meeting at Antioch Church. — [Lancaster News.]

—Eld John Long, of the Christian Church, is holding a meeting at Mt. Moriah, which Squire M. S. Bastin tells us, had had seven additions to yesterday.

—Rev. C. P. Williamson continues to preach to crowded audiences at the Christian church, which listen with the closest attention to his eloquent presentations of the truths of the gospel. He is not one of those sniffling Christians, who seem to think that they must wear long faces and steer clear of jokes and fun, but is a cheerful, happy man, pleased with his Master and glad to do His service. Such men do good wherever they go and Mr. Williamson has done much here out of the pulpit as well as in. We have never met a preacher with whom we have been so thoroughly impressed. The additions during his meeting numbered 19 to yesterday.

PAINT LICK, GARRARD COUNTY.

—George and Littleton Rice are both in a critical condition.

—Our farmers are all about done sowing wheat and some of them have commenced cribbing their corn.

—Some mischievous boys broke out all of the window glass in the school-house windows a few nights ago.

—James Barnes has gone to the city to lay in his fall and winter stock of goods. Mrs. Belle Wiggs is visiting relatives in this vicinity. Mr. Willis Adams, Sr., and wife have gone to Rockcastle on a visit.

—The timid bachelor spoken of in our last letter took the train here Tuesday accompanied by his prospective bride and went to Louisville where they were made one. Mr. G. W. Pullins is the happy groom and Miss Belle A. Pullins the fair bride. They are own cousins and thought perhaps there would be some objection in the reason they left home to be married. We wish them a long and happy life together and hope they will always do their pull in the same direction.

—The tomato is a native of Peru and was first raised solely for ornament. It is not known when it was first used as food.

GEO. O. BARNES.

Pays a Loving Tribute to the Late John C. Young.

"Praise the Lord. God is Love and Nothing Else."

PROSPECT POINT, LANDOUR, N. INDIA, (Sept. 12, 1885.)

DEAR INTERIOR:—I did not write last week because I could not. For the last mail brought us the sad news of the sudden death of our dear John C. Young.

Sorrow—especially when it comes with a mighty shock—claims, as of holy right, a certain period of silence.

Whether that "little while" is followed by a shriek of agony or the calm of holy trust, it basins domain, on which neither intrudes.

After I had time to think with more or less quietness, the question came: Shall I notice the death of this dearly loved friend at all? Shall I, if I mention it, ignore facts, known to all, and just write a loving *In Memoriam*? Or shall I, tenderly recognizing what all are acquainted with, speak boldly out what I believe, regardless of the anathemas of mere theologians, or the grave disapproval of good, but narrow people, who judge all such cases from the platform of a stringent early training, and never dream that there is "another side" of this question.

At the risk of "casting pearls before swine" in the one case, and of the displeasure of many whom I would not willingly offend, I have decided to take the latter course for the sake of dear souls who care little for theology, but whose hearts are aching for the comfort that Truth will bring; if only they can so far break over the cruel boundaries of a false view of our God as once to enjoy it.

For the most part, the newspapers, acting on the general motto—"De mortuis nil nisi bonum," have noticed the startling death of my dear friend with becoming reticence touching some of the sad facts in the case. And this does honor to the hearts of the editors, who are not willing to wound the living over the unconscious dead. God reward them for this gentle silence.

Some, I am sorry to say, have not been so thoughtful. God forgive them for penning a word that could tear open bleeding wounds, unless they did it with tears of pity and sorrow, under a strong pressure of a sense of duty to the public they serve.

I will take quite different ground: not because he whose voice of eloquence we shall not hear again, was my very dear friend and brother; not because my heart yearns to speak a word of comfort to the dear ones in two shattered and sorrowing homes; not even because I would fain have my dear friend's death prove a lesson of value to survivors; but far more, because the character of the God and Father of our LORD Jesus Christ is in danger of being misunderstood, as it is on so many points. Potent, therefore, as are the bonds of "the threefold cord" mentioned, that might draw me into a defence of my dead, yet living, brother, the dear LORD'S claims have been the real reason of my breaking silence over the fresh earth that marks his grave.

If then the words I write can reach a single responsive heart, let me say that my thoughts now and ever about dear John Young is this: He died sword in hand—defeated yet victorious!

I disdain a discreet silence in this matter. It is an insult to his memory, and a dishonor to the Savior, to whom he was so loyal.

I simply "speak what I do know," when I proclaim "upon the house tops," that my dear friend was "true as steel" to the LORD Jesus, whom he loved dearly and followed loyally. Well for us all, if at life's close, as much may be said of us. And I feel that I should be cowardly false to him were I to speak with bated breath of his merits, or even conceding much to personal affection, were to I shake my head doubtfully, and be silent as to the moral features of his untimely death, as though the less that were said, the better for his memory.

I will tell you briefly dear reader, how I look upon this quenched life overborne while struggling manfully. I believe it is God's way of looking at it. For I ask myself, not doubtfully, if "being evil" can so favorably regard dear John's case, under the impulse of a human affection—pure, but feeble: "how much more"—my God, who is pure "Love and Nothing Else!" For even His glorious justice and equity are only different spellings of His divine LOVE.

If then, I want to understand the meaning of His loving word or to fathom in any wise the depth of His loving heart, I go to the spirit within for an interpreter. He is "one of a thousand"—God sent, God instructed. I stand by my dear John's new grave, and this is the way—not blind human affection;—a thousand times No!—but the Holy Spirit—proceeding from the Divine Father and Son, bids me estimate my brother's character. O how unspokeably tender and jealous is God touching the character of His dead! "Blessed are the dead who die in the LORD." He says it. He tells me to speak reverently of a "Fountain of the Holy Ghost." And above all he warns me to think God's thought of one who has died a word in hand in His service, whether victorious or not. To me then, dear John Young, is like Gordon dying at Khartoum!

To me he is like the retreating line of beaten patriots at Bunker Hill! To me he is like the shattered remnant of the "Light Brigade," at Balaklava! "All that was left of them! Left of six hundred!" Or like Napoleon's "Old Guard" at Waterloo! I am quite aware how this will shock some and anger others and grieve yet others, some. But call it "wild extravagance" as you will, I repeat it, as the "words of truth and soberness"—Rebuke fiercely as you will O twofold giant Shake your heads as ye may, my good friends, in your easy rocking chairs, who hardly know what one honest combat, at close quarters, with a devil without or a devil within mean!

[CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE.]
HUSTONVILLE, LINCOLN COUNTY.

—Infant child of Aurelius Dunn died near Hustonville Wednesday night.

—Eb. Kennedy, Sam Owens and George Carpenter were with us Wednesday. They are a remarkably handsome set of men and would be decidedly ornamental denizens of the court house square. All seem in good spirits except George who seems troubled in consequence of some light received from John Blain touching the relations to be sustained towards his prospective Deputy. But we have tendered him our aid and counsel in the matter of "swearing in" said deputy, and do not anticipate serious difficulty.

—Our town has been engaged nearly two weeks in attending a religious meeting at the Baptist church under the auspices of the pastor, Rev. Mr. Taylor. The preaching has been done, and well done, by Rev. Mr. Porter, a well-known evangelist. The attendance has been large and remarkably well sustained throughout, and the preaching of a high order, but up to the time of writing the meeting has not resulted in many additions to the church, some five or six only having come forward. The meeting will probably close to-day.

—District Teachers will please bear in mind that the County Teachers' Association will meet at Stanford on the last Saturday, 31st, of this month. By the way, parents and trustees are earnestly requested to visit their schools and ascertain whether their children are comfortably provided for as regards fires, light, seats, desks and especially ventilation. The neglect of the people generally on this subject is decidedly culpable. No teacher can do effective work, and no child is safe from suffering and sickness in the miserable quarters provided.

—Last week the INTERIOR JOURNAL was on time Tuesday, but failed on Friday. Two days during the week our outgoing mails were returned from the depot for the want of transportation. Tuesday's paper of this week came all right, but passengers wishing to connect with the L. & N. must drive 9 miles to Junction City or 10 to Stanford in order to make sure of a train. Verily our railroad facilities are to some extent imaginary. When we get the projected and prayed for route we shall probably need to go to Nashville to get a train. Blessings on the man who invented the bicycle and made us independent of all railroads.

—Col. Weatherford and David Johnson left Wednesday on a prospecting trip to Kansas. Mrs. S. A. Goode went in the party designing to make a protracted visit to her daughter, Mrs. Rufus Adams in Texas. Tom Nunneley shipped his herd of cattle for the West a few days since. Mrs. Bennett Cloyd is making arrangements to spend the winter with friends in Alabama. Master George Bradley rejoices in the receipt of a fine gold watch, presented from his uncle, Ed Williams, in Montana. Mrs. Maggie Campbell has bought the Cityway property and will move to town. Miss Blanche Twidwell, graduate of Daughter's College, has gone to the Bartholomew Institute, Cincinnati, for further light in French and music. Geo. M. Givens, J. W., is representing No. 1st in the Grand Lodge at Louisville.

MT. VERNON DEPARTMENT.

Managed by J. B. Fish.

—George W. Payne has been awarded a pension amounting to \$1,000.

—Elder M. C. Kufus, of the Campbellite church, is holding a few days' meeting at this place.

—Chestnuts are becoming a drug in the market at \$1 per bushel. There is the largest crop ever known in this county.

—When I said I wanted all indebted to me to settle their account by November 1st, I meant business. They must come and do so. F. L. Thompson.

—Miss Ida Adams is visiting in Louisville this week. David Thompson and son Robert, of Garrard county, were in town yesterday. Mrs. Conn, of Brodhead, was at J. W. Brown's this week.

—We are afraid that our little town's about to be overstocked with doctors. Drs. J. J. Brown and A. G. Lovell are already here and Drs. Duncan, of Hardin county, and Daniels, of West Virginia, are new ones just arrived. Think they both have come to stay.

—There has been considerable rivalry up here as to who could kick an empty keg the highest. The way to do it is this: Place the keg against a wall and stand with your heels against the keg; then jump up, raising the keg as you jump. S. W. Paris or B. P. Martin can tell you all about it.

—Mrs. Mary E. Brown, wife Dr. J. J. Brown, has been appointed Postmistress at this place—vice J. L. Whitehead resigned. Mr. W. has made a clever, efficient and accomplished Postmaster, and we are sorry to see him give it up, but such is fate. Mr. Brown was almost unanimously recommended by the citizens of this place. Mr. Whitehead says he has been allowed to retain his position a little longer than he expected. Exact when the change will be made or where the office will be kept in the future has not been settled yet.

FARM FOR SALE

I offer for sale my Farm of 125 Acres of the Blue-grass land, 2 miles South of Hustonville, in sight of the Middleburg pike. The farm is in a good state of cultivation, under good fence and one of the best watered Farms in Lincoln county. The improvements consist of a neat cottage house of 5 rooms, a splendid chicken yard, four good stables and all necessary outbuildings. If early application is made, will sell at a bargain. If not sold soon, I will rent said Farm for 1886.

W. H. HIGGINS

—DEALER IN—

Hardware, Horse Shoes, Groceries, Saddles, Iron, Nails, Queensware, Buggy Whips, Buggy Wheels, Stoves, Cane Mills, Harness, Spokes, Grates, Old Mills, Lap Covers, Ribs, Stoneware, Corn Shellers, Collars.

Oliver Chilled, Champion Steel and Brinley Combined Plows, Wooden and Cast Pumps, and the Celebrated Mayfield Elevator. Tin Roofing and Gutting will have prompt attention.

Salesmen: J. H. McKinney, John Bright, Jr.

THE NEW GROCERY AND HARDWARE HOUSE OF TAYLOR BROS. HUSTONVILLE, KY.

Would like to ask your attention to the fact that they have just returned from the cities with a large and well selected stock of CHOICE

FAMILY GROCERIES

In endless variety, dainty in quality and satisfactory in price, this we guarantee. Our aim shall be at all times to supply every want in our line.

OUR HARDWARE AND POCKET CUTLERY

Consists of the Standard Brands of Europe and America. Our large line of Cooking Stoves includes the justly celebrated "Great Western Reserve" and many other family favorites. Our China, Glass and Queensware stock consists in part of Laid, Fox and Chamber Sets complete, glassware richly cut and etched. In the way of breadstuffs we make Rockwell Flour, the queen of all flours. Our celebrated Patent "G. M." Flour, unrivalled for cake and pastry, with Ribs and Hominy, our own patriotic products, arrayed as faithful adjuncts. All the delicacies in Foreign and Domestic Confections are here. Tin, Stone, Wooden and Willowware, Electric Lamps, Stationery, Canned Meats and Fruits and a complete line of Cigars and Tobacco. Well, this is only a brief of what we have. Believing that we can make it to your interest, we confidently ask an examination of our goods and your patronage. Respectfully, TAYLOR BROTHERS.

Penny & M'Alister

PHARMACISTS.

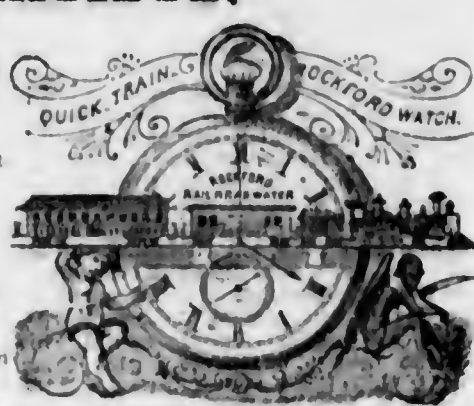
Drugs, Books, Stationery and Fancy Articles.

Physicians' prescriptions accurately compounded.

JEWELERS.

The Largest Stock of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Silverware

Ever brought to this market. Prices Lower than the lowest. Watches, Clocks and Jewelry repaired on short notice and warranted.



B. K. WEAREN,

UNDERTAKER,

Dealer in Furniture!

A Full and complete assortment of Furniture, embracing everything from the Cheapest to the Finest Parlor Suites. No need to go to the large cities to make your purchases, no matter what quantity or quality you want, as I can and will duplicate any prices you can obtain elsewhere, freight being added. Also a full assortment of Coffins, Caskets, Shrouds and Robes, embracing all the New Styles, both cheap and expensive. Ware room opposite St. Asaph Hotel, Stanford, Ky.

PLEASE DON'T FORGET

That we carry the Largest Stock of Groceries, Hardware and Queensware in the city;

That we are Millers' Agents and wholesale depot for Flour and Meal;

That our stock of Pleasure Vehicles, including everything from a Road Cart to a Barouche, is always complete,

And that we guarantee Lowest Prices, style and finish considered.

Also, that we still handle the celebrated Wagons, "Old Hickory" and Mitchell.

Big line of Farming Implements, Grain Drills, Turning Plows, both riding and walking,

And all of which we guarantee at Lowest prices.

BRIGHT & METCALF,

SUCCESSORS TO BRIGHT & CURRAN.

A SECOND MARRIAGE.

[Demorest's Monthly.]

His parishioners watched the Rev. Mr. Brown with peculiar interest as he left the grave yard, leading his two little girls by the hand. They wondered, knowing how much he had been to him, how he would endure the terrible trial.

His two little girls, as the coffin was lowered into the grave; there was no outward sign of anguish, but no one doubted for a moment that he suffered keenly. He had been rather a mystery to his congregation always; but they knew him to be capable of deep feeling, in spite of his cold, impassive manner. A noisy, demonstrative show of grief would have been inadvisable to him, and he was more of a great tranquillity of mind, and with little energy of disposition. He took all that Providence sent him very dutifully, without any effort to change or amend it, no matter how objectionable it might be; and he possessed in perfection the art of "putting up with" whatsoever befall him.

He was not a favorite with his flock; but he was not a means unpopular. The poor loved him, for his hand was always ready to go to his pocket at a tale of distress, limited as were his means, and his reproaches were always of the mildest sort. The rich, though they had little to say for him, had nothing to say against him. They invited him frequently to their houses, entertained him handsomely, and bore a very complaisant silence to his falling into the common brown study at the dinner table.

As for the younger portion of his flock, his good looks, his rich chestnut hair, and dreamy eyes had early impressed them profoundly, and they sang his praises without stint.

It was a source of regret to many of the young ladies—and a few of the older ones—that Mr. Brown was a married man. Many years before he had come to his parish at Barstow, he had wedded a gentle, sweet-tempered girl, who fairly worshipped him, and who proved herself a good wife and a devoted mother. Their wedded life had flowed on as calmly as a meadow brook, undisturbed by any petty domestic jars or troubles. It had never occurred to Mr. Brown that it might not go on so forever. He did not notice his wife's declining health, and as she never complained, he could never complain, he was utterly unprepared for her death. It stupefied him; he could not understand it. It seemed to him incredible, impossible, and he felt bewildered and half puzzled even when he heard the sods falling on the coffin.

He went back to his lonely home with his two little girls, and shut himself up in his study, where he could be alone, and where he longed a dull pain in his head. It seemed to him that his lost Laura must know how much he needed her. He could not realize that she was gone. He lay there, half-expecting to see her enter and to feel her tender touch on his brow, soothing away the pain as he had often done when he was brain weary. But hour after hour went by, and no one came to cheer him, and he felt that the voice of his aged mother, who talked loudly to the cook in the kitchen.

The next day he went out as usual, pursuing his accustomed round of duties as tranquilly and patiently as ever. His parishioners were loud in their expressions of admiration to each other as they saw how well he bore his great sorrow, and they were very kind to him, especially in the matter of his wife's death. The distressing situation was the subject of debate in the vestry house in Barstow. It was talked over at the meetings of the sewing circle, the reading club, and the Indian Relief association, and it was unanimously agreed that the best thing the poor widower could do was to employ a governess, who would also act as housekeeper and general manager.

But it was not an easy matter to find the right person, and for the place, though there were many applicants for it. It was decided that only a middle-aged, respectable, quiet woman, who would be incapable of scheming to fill the late Mrs. Brown's place, and who would be content to take charge of the little girls, would do, and such a one was hard to find.

It was Miss Anastasia Bowen who at length found just the right person, and as Mr. Brown was willing to do just what Miss Bowen wished, it was naturally given her responsibility of installing Miss Susan Piper in the parsonage without further delay.

Miss Piper was neither old nor young; she had no pretensions whatever to good looks, and she was exceedingly shy that if the minister spoke to her on even the most trivial topic she blushed as red as a peach. But these, said Miss Anastasia, were such trifling drawbacks as almost to be looked upon as the right of advantages under the circumstances.

Miss Piper was, as Mr. Brown soon saw, a very good woman, exceedingly conscientious and unassuming. She did her best for the two little girls—healthy, happy, pretty little creatures of 9 and 11 years—who learned the simple lesson she gave them from pure love for her, not because they feared her displeasure.

Probably there was no lady in Barstow who took a deeper interest in the household affairs of the bereaved widower than Miss Anastasia Brown. She was, in spite of the fact that youth had long since left her, of a sentimental turn of mind, and the pale, thin-lipped face and gentle manners of Mr. Brown had inspired her with an intense admiration for him, which, after the death of his wife, ripened into a dispassionate attachment, which was pure and selfless, but the object of it. Not a chance did the whisper of seeing her idol, and scarcely a day passed that she did not run into the parsonage on one excuse or another.

But the minister, absorbed in his books and the memory of his dead Laura, was utterly and abominably unconscious of the passion that inspired. The lion of a second marriage had not asked himself whether he liked Miss Bowen or not, but so constantly did she press her advice respecting every subject upon him that he grew to depend upon her in a great measure, and often consulted her upon different household and church matters, never tending, however, in any matter whatever upon the subject of her matrimony.

The fact that she was talking no headway in spite of her tireless efforts, in spite of the attention she lavished upon the two little girls, at last dawned upon Miss Anastasia, and she set herself to work to discover the reason. She came to the conclusion, after a careful review of the ground, that Mr. Brown was too comfortable by far. Miss Piper attended most assiduously to his needs, and his comforts, and the society of his children prevented any feeling of great loneliness.

"He wouldn't hold out a month if he was left utterly alone," meditated the ambitious lady. "If he had no one to see after him or to talk to, he'd be apt to think of me. There's no one else he'd turn to. He's one of the kind to take what comes nearest and is most convenient."

In which last conclusion Miss Anastasia was not far from the mark.

She decided that no time was to be lost, and that it was best to begin operations at once. So, after carefully mapping out a course of action, she repaired to the parsonage and talked boldly to see Mr. Brown privately.

substituted no surprise at the request, but she had been to show the visitor at once into the minister's study, where he sat reading at his desk.

The intention of "having a talk" on some important subject was written plainly on her hard, lean face, and Mr. Brown laid down his book at once and prepared to listen to whatever she had come to say.

"I hope I'm not disturbing you, Mr. Brown," said Anastasia, with a little nervous cough as she took a seat. She felt quite agitated, and an unwonted color brightened her sallow cheek. Her mission was so important, so much hung upon its success, that it was not strange she was not quite as calm as usual.

"No, no, no," answered Mr. Brown, with a faint sigh, as he glanced at his beloved book. "I am always glad to have you come. I hope there is nothing wrong?" anxiously.

"The truth is, Mr. Brown, I've come to see you about the girls. They are not managed as well as I could wish. Miss Piper is a good woman, but she can't have the authority—a mother would have, you know, and she lets them do about as they please, and they are growing up rude and wild."

Mr. Brown looked startled. It did not occur to him to question Miss Anastasia's statements. He took them in good faith all ways, being simple enough to believe her to have his interests at heart.

"Why, you were the one who recommended Miss Piper to me," he said at length, "and I have been well satisfied with her."

"She does the best she knows how," said Miss Anastasia, "but she hasn't sufficient authority to govern them properly. Ah, poor little creatures, they need the care of a mother."

"This was a bold stroke. A flush rose to the minister's high, pale brow, but he gave no other sign of emotion. Any reference to the past pain he felt, even now that she had laid it all away two years, but of course he did not say so.

"You are very kind to take such an interest," he murmured a little indistinctly. "What would you advise?"

"I would advise their being sent to boarding school, Mr. Brown. I have a friend who keeps a very select seminary at Woodstock. She would be delighted to take charge of Flora and Annie. I'm sure."

"I should not like to part with them," said Mr. Brown meditatively. "And—and—what would become of Miss Piper? I wouldn't like to hurt her feelings, and she loves the girls dearly."

"There'd be no cause for her to feel hurt. Tell her simply that force of circumstances compels you to dismiss her. A month's notice will be sufficient."

"It will be very unpleasant," said the minister in trepidation. "And where will she go? She has no home but this, and not a relative in the world."

"She must find another situation," said Miss Anastasia. "She can begin at once to look for one. You can tell her of the contemplated change this evening," and, after promising to write at once to the principal of the seminary at Woodstock, Miss Anastasia left, walking home in a state of bliss bordering on ecstasy. She felt sure that she had put in the first wedge that would lift her toward a home in the parsonage, and already began to plan the changes she would make in its arrangement.

A shadow had been thrown over Mr. Brown's peaceful life. His soul was filled with despair unutterable at the thought of that conversation he must have with Miss Piper. The mere possibility of her shedding tears made a shudder run through his frame. He could not make up his mind to speak to her, and day after day passed, until it lacked only two weeks of the time when the seminary was to open. Then at last he spoke.

He came into the sitting-room, where she was darning his gown by the light of a student lamp, the girls having gone to bed. She looked up in surprise and was entered, for he seldom left his study until midnight; but not the faintest intuition had she of the blow which was to fall upon her.

"Miss Piper," began the poor man, feeling profoundly wretched, "I—I—have decided to make a change."

"A change?"

"Yes, I have decided to dismiss Miss Piper from her band. She is getting so tremble, and her face turned sadly pale.

"Yes, Miss Anastasia thinks—and of course—I—it is all for the best, you know—Flora and Annie ought to go to school," faltered the minister.

"And you wish to give me notice, I suppose, sir," said the little governess in a tremulous, aggrieved tone, "that stabbed Mr. Brown to the soul?"

"When do you wish me to leave, sir?" looking at him with a quivering smile.

"Oh, any time; suit yourself—your own convenience," stammered Mr. Brown.

"Do you want me to get the girls ready, sir?" she asked, trying to speak cheerfully.

"If you will be so good," he answered. Her quiet resignation made him utterly wretched. He would rather have seen her angry, critical or indignant a thousand times over.

"I will tell you, sir."

"And then go to left the room feeling like a criminal. But as he reached the study, he happened to think that Flora and Annie were yet to bed of the impending change, he would go back and ask the little governess to tell them for him, for he was sure of open rebellion.

He pushed open the door of the sitting-room again, but started back, conscience-stricken, for Miss Piper, with her face buried in her arms, was kneeling by the sofa, with a melancholy sound of sobbing and crying, pitiful to hear, filled the room.

"My dear Miss Piper," he said forcibly, "I am so sorry to see you like this. I tried to wipe away your tears with the work which she still held."

"Excuse me, sir," she faltered, "I—I couldn't help it. I am so fond of the girls, you know, and I'd begun to feel so much at home here."

Mr. Brown walked up and down the room, with his hands clasped behind him and his head on his breast, for several moments without speaking. The tears in the poor little woman's eyes struck him to the heart. He was turning her out of her only home. And she had done her duty toward the girls, certainly.

"Suppose you stay here, Miss Piper," he called suddenly. "You can keep house for me, anyhow."

A deep flush dyed the pale face of the little governess.

"No, no," she couldn't, indeed," she cried, in a hoarse, stricken tone. "It would be impossible."

"You might—stay as my wife, Miss Piper," cried poor Mr. Brown, desperately.

"Oh, Mr. Brown, you don't mean it! You're just sorry for me. I'm sure," cried Miss Piper, she thought flushing through her mind, however, that perhaps it was love, and that, and all, and he had only just recovered the state of his heart and was about to lose her. She had read of such things in novels. Why should it not be so her case as well?"

"I—I—don't know—it is the only way you can stay," stammered Mr. Brown in a confused manner.

"Well, if you think it best," murmured the little governess hesitatingly. "I'm sure I'd be making you happy."

"I don't doubt that," said Mr. Brown,

The end of the story is told in Ken-

And thus was that the minstrel's second marriage came about.

I read hardly say that Miss Anastasia was furious. No words could adequately describe her surprise and chagrin. The very course she had taken with a view to installing herself in the personage had installed Miss Anastasia there. All her plans had come to naught. Her castles in the air had fallen to the ground with a crash. Her visits to the personage ceased entirely. She no longer considered it necessary to advise and counsel Mr. Brown.

The minister never found cause to regret his second marriage. The little governess proved a devoted, dutiful wife and faithful stepmother. And the new drama on what a slender thread her happiness had hung, nor could I imagine why it was that Miss Anastasia Bowen treated her as a mortal enemy.

Maud S's Fastest Half-Mile.
[Chicago News.]

Although the Associated press says that Maud S. made the fastest half-mile on record during her recent trot against time at Narragansett park, there is a tradition that has been accepted by horsemen hereabouts since a trot of half a mile there 1934 was trotted at Chicago five years ago. Strange as it may appear Maud herself participated in the event. If she could be consulted about the matter she would probably tell her present admirers that one pleasant afternoon, noteworthy in the trotting calendar as the day when she first beat 2:11, she trotted from the quarter pole to the three-quarter pole in 33 3/4 seconds. That was Sept. 15, 1890, and horsemen are fond of telling how the queen of the turf crushed all records, and almost outstripped time itself, on the Chicago track that day.

Two days before she had tried to beat 2:11 1/4, and failed by a quarter of a second. But on that auspicious day she arrived on her journey at a moderate gait, starting at the quarter pole in 33 3/4 seconds. Then she straightened out for the half, and sped down the backstretch like a chestnut streak. The half-mile pole was reached in 33 3/4 seconds, and the spectators on the grand stand could hardly believe their stop watches. On the went along the lower turn at an amazing pace. When the three-quarter pole was reached all the watches showed 1:37 1/4 from the start. If the first quarter be subtracted from this it will show a faster half mile than was made at Narragansett park, or has ever been made anywhere else—to wit: 1:03. Then she went on and completed the mile in 33 seconds—demonstrating that Maud S. was the fastest trotter in the world. She has gained little, if anything, in speed since then, although with greater maturity she has been able to lower the record two clear seconds.

PALABRAS CARINIOSAS.

[Thomas Bailey Aldrich.]

Good-night! I have to say good-night
To such a host of peerless things!
Good-night unto that fragile haul
All querefully out for the haul,
Good-night to foot, up-lifted eyes,
Good-night to chestnut brays of hair,
Good-night unto the perfect mouth
And all the sweetness nestled there—
The spy-hall hand!—one—then
I'll have to say good-night again.

But there will come a time, my love,
When, if I read our stars aright,
I shall not linger by the porch
With my adieu. Till then, good-night!
You wish the time were now! And I,
You do not wish to which it go?
You could not wish to leave yourself to death
To own so much a year ago.

What! both these snowy hands! Ah, then
I'll have to say good-night again.

THE REALITY OF ACTING.

[Sarah Bernhardt in L'Evelement.]

The calling of we "amateur" actors is a difficult one. Acting is an art that belongs to youth. At 15 one is ignorant of the rouge, the scenery, the wig, the falsehood, and the claque. One hears loving, one gallantly applaud, and one thinks it is attained.

Alas! alas! Phedre's chair is made of painted wood, Camille's fountain is in pasteboard. He who sings of love is too warm (a trop chaud). The sword of hivalry is blunted and the signal of d'Alirum is given by the leader of the claque. Thus falling from the heights of their dream many break their wings. But others round the dream. They soar on forever in fiction and in the thought ("quand moue") that all may be attained. They work themselves into a fever, they triumph. The struggle will take place every day. Well, every day they struggle and ever tire.

It is too generally believed that actors tell go of their characters after ten or fifteen performances. The mistake is a gross one. Sophie, for instance, after the famous action scene in "The Sphinx," remained for several moments quite pale and with chattering teeth. Sometimes she became incoherent. And during 100 consecutive performances she never thought of mastering or emotions.

The tragical Beauvauist shed hot tears very night in the forest scene of "King Lear."

Suzanne Heidenberg, the pearl of actresses, was in a sickly state every time "Les Horreux" was played in the short male scene.

Maud Sully has had real hallucinations in the frenzies of Orestes.

One evening I was free and went to see Miss Tessandra in her dressing-room after the sleep-walking scene of "Macbeth." I found her quite calm and reasonable. It was, however, the finest performance of the great work.

Finally, for my part, I have never played there without fainting or spitting blood, and after the fourth scene of "Theodora," in which I kill Marcellus, I am in such a state of nervousness that I go up to my dressing-room sobbing. If I do not weep and find a very nervous fit much more disagreeable for those who surround me and more dangerous for the objects within each of my hand, my great comrades, the actors of life, will cry: "That is not great art!"

Or to translate, one must feel nothing. Indeed said so. Coquelin also. They were doubtless both right, and the proof is that Coquelin is an admirable actor and a very great artist. But who does it matter? I retain my madness. The others, les vibrants. We must needs believe in order to make others believe. Our real life is there in the innumerable green-room of every passion lived or dreamed of. It is the perpetual beating of the heart. The incessant working of the brain. The regret of never being perfect. The hope of securing it. It is, in short, the love (disease) of the nerves to the last degree.

So, when we fall into real acting—that of us—we are like hare-brained creatures (furberly). We miss our entrance, spill our exit, our wig is all on one side and our costume is too simple and our great comrades are not ingenious. They treat us like playing players. No, no, indeed! Only we play the real thing. Only I don't disguise our art enough. Que voulez-vous? We are "amateurs."

THE END

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

should be kept constantly at hand, for use in emergencies of the household. Many a mother, startled in the night by the ominous sounds of Croup, finds the little sufferer, with red and swollen face, gasping for air. In such cases Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is invaluable. Mrs. Emma Gedney, 159 West 128 st., New York, writes: "While in the country, last winter, my little boy, three years old, was taken ill with Croup; it seemed as if he would die from strangulation. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral was tried in small and frequent doses, and, in less than half an hour, the little patient was breathing easily. The doctor said that the Pectoral saved my darling's life." Mrs. Chas. B. Landon, Guilford, Conn., writes: "Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

Saved My Life,
and also the life of my little son. As he is troubled with Croup, I dare not be without this remedy in the house." Mrs. J. Gregg, Lowell, Mass., writes: "My children have repeatedly taken Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for Coughs and Croup. It gives immediate relief, followed by a cure." Mrs. Mary E. Evans, Scranton, Pa., writes: "I have two little boys, both of whom have been, from infancy, subject to violent attacks of Croup. About six months ago we began using Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and it acts like a charm. In a few minutes after the child takes it, he breathes easily and rests well. Every mother ought to know what a blessing I have found in Ayer's Cherry Pectoral." Mrs. Wm. C. Reid, Freehold, N. J., writes: "In our family, Ayer's medicines have been blessings for many years. In cases of Colds and Coughs, we take

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*"Harpers, S. C., July 9, 1884.
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THE BEST

moon ever bestowed upon man is perfect health, and the true way to insure health is to purify your blood with Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Mrs. Eliza A. Clough, 51 Arlington st., Lowell, Mass., writes: "Every winter and spring my family, including myself, use several bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Experience has convinced me that, as a powerful

Blood

purifier, it is very much superior to any other preparation of Sarsaparilla. All persons of scrofulous or consumptive tendencies, and especially delicate children, are sure to be greatly benefited by its use." J. W. Starr, Leoda, Iowa, writes: "For years I was troubled with scrofulous complaints. I tried several different preparations, which did me little, if any, good. Two bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla effected a complete cure. It is my opinion that this medicine is the best blood

Purifier

of the day." C. E. Fisher, Neshaminy, N. H., writes: "For a number of years I was troubled with a humor in my eyes, and unable to obtain relief until I commenced using Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I have taken several bottles, am greatly benefited, and believe it to be the best of blood purifiers." Dr. Harris, Great Bay, Ramsey Co., Dakota, writes: "I have been an intense sufferer, with Hy-po-phos, for the past three years. Six months ago I began to use

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South-Bound.

	No. 6.	No. 4	No. 12
	Ex.	Sun.	Ex. Sun.
Lvs. Lexington	8 10 a.m.	8 10 p.m.	2 30 p.m.
" Louisville	9 55 a.m.	9 55 p.m.	2 32 p.m.
" Paducah	11 02 a.m.	10 43 p.m.	4 37 p.m.
Arr. Paris	11 18 a.m.	11 18 p.m.	5 17 p.m.
" Lexington	12 57 p.m.	6 17 p.m.
Lvs. Paris	11 45 a.m.	11 45 p.m.	5 25 p.m.
Arr. Winchester	12 30 p.m.	11 49 p.m.	6 04 p.m.
" Lancaster	5 13 p.m.	7 25 p.m.
" Bowling	6 04 p.m.
Lvs. Richmond	2 05 p.m.
Arr. Paris	3 39 p.m.
" Lexington	6 03 a.m.

NORTH-BOUND.

	No. 11	No. 3	No. 1
	Ex.	Sun.	Ex. Sun.
Lvs. Lexington	8 10 a.m.
" Berea	10 22 a.m.
Arr. Richmond	11 45 a.m.
Lvs. Bowling	7 15 a.m.
" Lancaster	8 06 a.m.
Arr. Richmond	11 30 a.m.
Lvs. Richmond	6 05 a.m.	1 25 p.m.
Arr. Winchester	7 05 a.m.	2 25 p.m.
" Paris	8 15 a.m.	3 25 p.m.
Lvs. Lexington	7 25 a.m.	3 40 p.m.	4 30 p.m.
Lvs. Paris	8 53 a.m.	5 05 p.m.	5 30 p.m.
" Paducah	8 53 a.m.	7 38 p.m.	6 54 p.m.
" Louisville	9 55 a.m.	8 40 p.m.	8 05 p.m.
Arr. Lexington	10 55 a.m.	4 40 p.m.	6 45 p.m.

MAYSVILLE BRANCH.

	No. 61.	No. 61.
	Daily Ex. Sun.	Daily Ex. Sun.
Lvs. Lexington	2 00 p.m.
" Paris	7 25 a.m.	4 20 p.m.
Arr. Maysville	8 47 a.m.	5 45 p.m.
" Millersburg	9 08 a.m.	6 10 p.m.
" Lebanon	9 58 a.m.	7 05 p.m.
" Maysville	10 50 a.m.	7 50 p.m.

South-Bound.

	No. 52	No. 54
	Daily Ex. Sun.	Daily Ex. Sun.
Lvs. Maysville	5 45 a.m.	2 15 p.m.
" Johnson	6 27 a.m.	3 28 p.m.
" Millersburg	7 54 a.m.	4 25 p.m.
" Lebanon	8 45 a.m.	5 17 p.m.
Arr. Lexington	9 10 a.m.	6 10 p.m.
" Paris	11 30 a.m.	8 15 p.m.

NORTH-BOUND.

	No. 52	No. 54
	Daily Ex. Sun.	Daily Ex. Sun.
Lvs. Lexington	8 10 a.m.
" Berea	10 22 a.m.
Arr. Richmond	11 45 a.m.
Lvs. Bowling	7 15 a.m.
" Lancaster	8 06 a.m.
Arr. Richmond	11 30 a.m.
Lvs. Richmond	6 05 a.m.	1 25 p.m.
Arr. Winchester	7 05 a.m.	2 25 p.m.
" Paris	8 15 a.m.	3 25 p.m.
Lvs. Lexington	7 25 a.m.	3 40 p.m.
Lvs. Paris	8 53 a.m.	5 05 p.m.
" Paducah	8 53 a.m.	7 38 p.m.
" Louisville	9 55 a.m.	8 40 p.m.
Arr. Lexington	10 55 a.m.	4 40 p.m.

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